



AMC

THE RED MENACE MEETS AMERICA'S NEWEST HERO—

A
V
E
N
G
E
R

THE AVENGER

NO. 1

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

AUTHORITY

10c





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE AVENGER



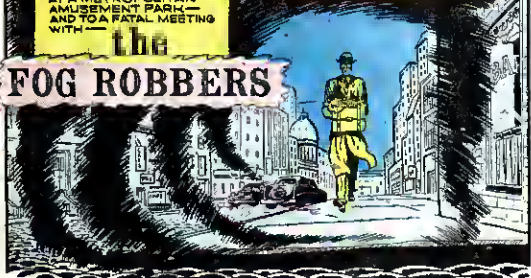
WHEN A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL THIEVES STEAL THE GREATEST INVENTION STILL ON BLUEPRINT PAPER IN THE WORLD TODAY — THEN THE AVENGER SWINGS INTO ACTION! THE TRAIL OF CRIME LEADS HIM TO A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH AT A METROPOLITAN AMUSEMENT PARK — AND TO A FATAL MEETING WITH —

DARKNESS SHROUDS THE STREETS OF EMPIRE CITY. SUDDENLY A DULL BLACK MIST CREEPS ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES —

THE BLACK FOG ROLLS ON, LIFTING UPWARD ABOUT THE FORM OF PHINEAS FLETCHER, INVENTOR AND PHYSICIST

STRANGEST THING I EVER SAW IN MY LIFE! IT'S LIKE THE INK AN OCTOPUS SHOOTS OUT!

the FOG ROBBERS



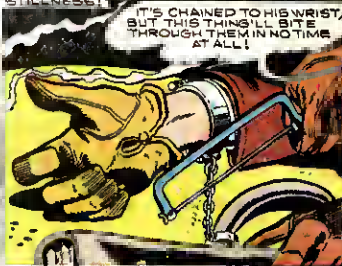
3 SUDDENLY, HANDS REACH OUT OF THE DARKNESS—

THE PLANS ARE IN THE BRIEFCASE!
TAKE THEM!



7 THE RASP OF A HACKSAW WORKING ACROSS THE WRIST CHAINS IS LOUD IN THE SILENT STILLNESS!

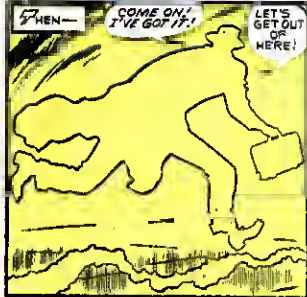
IT'S CHAINED TO HIS WRIST, BUT THIS THING'LL BITE THROUGH THEM IN NO TIME AT ALL!



7 THEN—

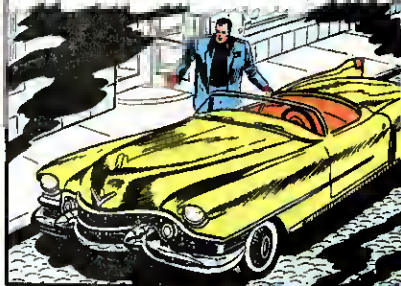
COME ON!
I'VE GOT IT!

LET'S
GET OUT
OF
HERE!



8 SOME MOMENTS LATER, THE SIGHT OF THAT BLACK FOG DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF **ROGER WRIGHT**, MILLIONAIRE SCIENTIST....

NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE! THINK I'LL TAKE A SAMPLE FOR ANALYSIS!



HELLO! SOMEBODY OVER THERE—
HURT! WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE OLD
PROFESSOR FLETCHER...!



BLACK FOG... MEN IN IT...
STOLE DESIGNS...!

IT IS FLETCHER!... DON'T TALK,
PROFESSOR! SAVE YOUR
STRENGTH!

I'D
BETTER TAKE
HIM HOME WITH
ME.





A LITTLE OVER TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A POWERFUL CAR ROLLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF A SUBURBAN MANSION

NO HAND IS NEEDED TO OPEN THESE DOORS, THEY RESPOND TO AN ELECTRIC EYE BEAM...

CLAIRE! THE GUEST ROOM BED! QUICKLY! WE HAVE A PATIENT!



THIS IS CLAIRE FARROW—LOVELY SECRETARY OF ROGER WRIGHT. SHE IS USED TO THESE SUDDEN EMERGENCIES, ANYONE WHO WORKS FOR ROGER WRIGHT MUST BE USED TO THEM.

I SAW YOU COMING UP THE DRIVE, ROGER. I'VE ALREADY TURNED DOWN THE BED. WHO IS HE?



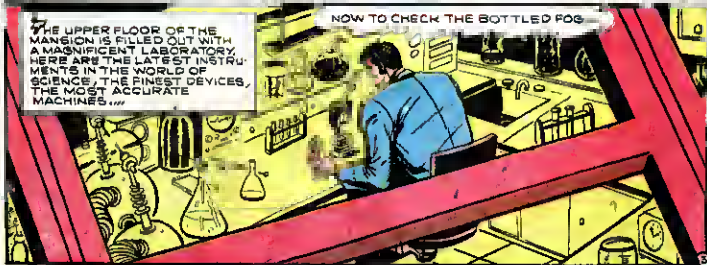
PHINEAS FLETCHER, TEACHES SCIENCE IN A LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL. HE'S BEEN WORKING ON SOMETHING BIG IN HIS SPARE TIME. THE FACT THAT HE WAS ATTACKED SEEMS TO PROVE HE DISCOVERED IT!

THE DOCTOR WILL BE HERE SHORTLY. I'VE GIVEN HIM A SEDATIVE...



THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE MANSION IS FILLED OUT WITH A MAGNIFICENT LABORATORY. HERE ARE THE LATEST INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE, THE FINEST DEVICES, THE MOST ACCURATE MACHINES...

NOW TO CHECK THE BOTTLED FOG

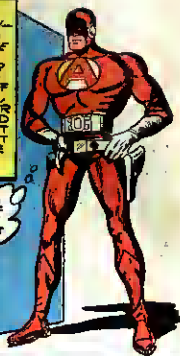


SO THAT'S IT! A MIXTURE OF CERTAIN CHEMICALS AND ACIDS TO FORM A BLACK GAS! THE ONLY PLACE A MAN COULD GET SOME OF THIS STUFF IN TOWN IS FROM DAWSON CHEMICALS!

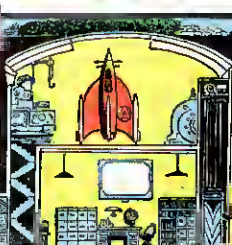
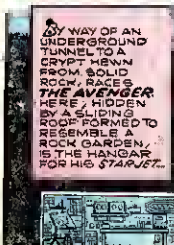


IN A SIDE CLOSET OF THAT LABORATORY... THE DOOR OF WHICH OPENS ONLY TO THE FINGERPRINT IMPRESSIONS OF ROGER WRIGHT HIMSELF—HANGS A NUMBER OF BLACK GARMENTS, A STRANGE LEATHER BELT AND A HOODED HELMET. A MOMENT LATER, ROGER WRIGHT WEARS THE COSTUME OF THE AVENGER!

DAWSON CHEMICALS KEEPS RECORDS OF ITS SALES. I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!



BY WAY OF AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL TO A CRYPT MEWN FROM SOLID ROCK, RACES THE AVENGER HERE, HIDDEN BY A SLIDING ROOF FORMED TO RESEMBLE A ROCK GARDEN, IS THE HANGAR FOR HIS STARJET...



AS POWERFUL MOTORS HUM, THE SLIDING DOORS OF THE HANGAR OPENS AND THE JET PLANE KNOWN AS THE STARJET HURTTLES OUT—



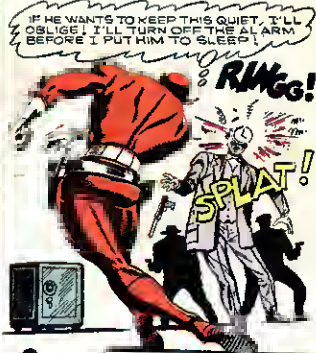
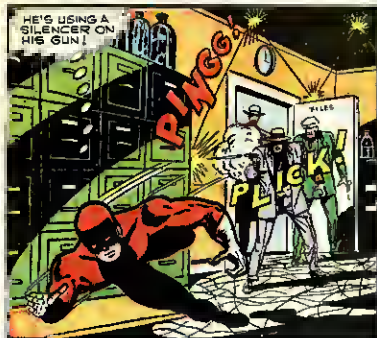
MOMENTS LATER, THE STARJET LANDS ON THE ROOF OF DAWSON CHEMICALS. WITHIN SECONDS, THE AVENGER IS SEARCHING THE FILES OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL PLANT—

MUST BE SOMETHING IN HERE TO TELL ME WHO BOUGHT THOSE CHEMICALS—AH, HERE! IGOR LARSEN BOUGHT THEM... BUT LARSEN RUNS THE CITY AMUSEMENT PARK CENTER! WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH SUCH STUFF?



ALL RIGHT, ROSE! YOU ASKED FOR IT—AND HERE IT IS...!





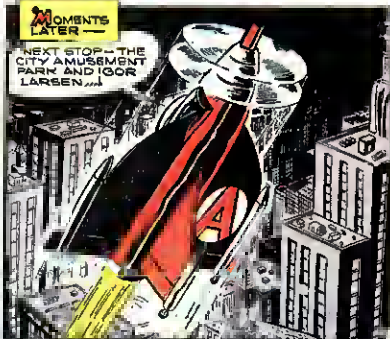
THE INTENSE HEAT ACTIVATES THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM ON THE CEILING. IN THE SUDDEN DOWNPOUR OF WATER, THE AVENGER LOSES SIGHT OF THE FLEEING MEN...

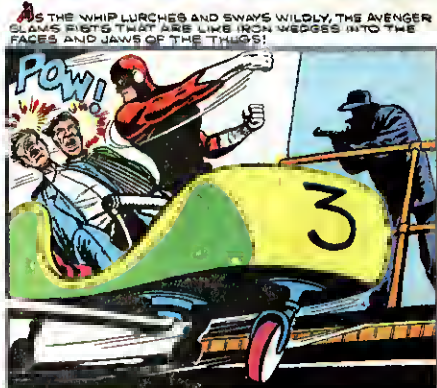
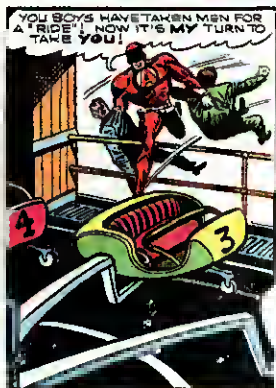
CAN'T SEE A THING IN THIS DOWNPOUR! IT WILL PUT OUT THE FIRE, BUT IT'S GIVING THOSE HOODS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

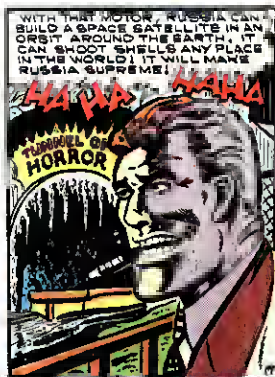
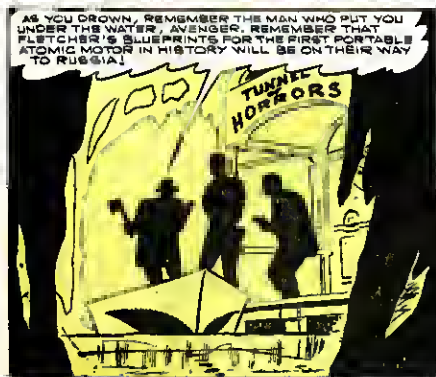


MOMENTS LATER —

NEXT STOP — THE CITY AMUSEMENT PARK AND LOOR LARGEN...

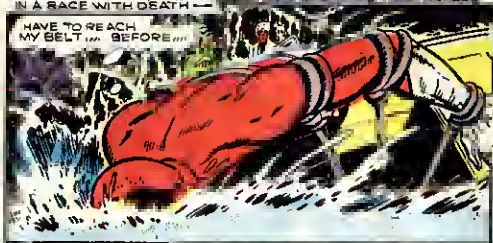






AS THE BOTTOM-RUINED TUNNEL BOAT SINKS SLOWLY INTO THE FLOWING WATERS, THE AVENGER WORKS GRIMLY FRANTICALLY IN A RACE WITH DEATH —

HAVE TO REACH MY BELT... BEFORE...



TOO LATE! HERE TO GET AIR INTO MY LUNGS... OR I WON'T BE ABLE TO — AH! HERE IT IS!

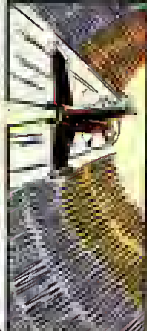
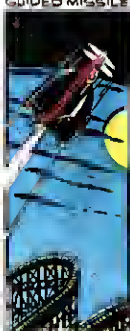


A "HIDDEN COMPARTMENT" OF HIS BELT RELEASES A THIN SPRAY OF HELIUM INTO HIS BELT LINING, THE HELIUM BUOYS UP THE AVENGER AND THE BOAT UNTIL HE CAN FREE HIMSELF AND REACH SAFETY...

LARSEN WILL HAVE A HEAD START IN HIS GETAWAY, BUT I'VE A TRICK OR TWO UP MY SLEEVE! HE'LL NEVER GET THOSE PLANS TO RUSSIA!



ONCE AGAIN THE STARJET TAKES TO THE AIR, FEEDING A PHOTO OF THE TIRE TREADS OF THE GETAWAY CAR INTO THE STARJET'S MECHANICAL COMPUTER, THE RADAR BEAM GOES ON AND THE STARJET TRAILS ITS QUARRY LIKE A GUIDED MISSILE!

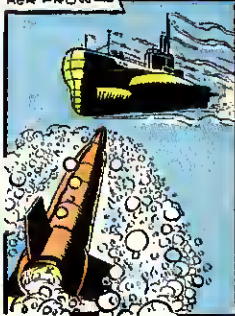


ACROSS THE WINDING ROADS OF THE COASTAL AREA, OUT OVER THE OCEAN SWEEPS THE STARJET —

THEY'RE AT SEA... PROBABLY IN A SUBMARINE!



ONCE AGAIN, THE STARJET'S RADAR EQUIPMENT GOES TO WORK. THEN A GUIDED MISSILE TORPEDO IS LAUNCHED FROM HER PROW —



A MUFFLED EXPLOSION BEYERS UPWARD! THEN A THICK OIL SLICK AND BITS OF WRECKAGE DOT THE WATER AFT!

I'LL HAVE THE PROFESSOR DRAW UP NEW PLANS. THEN I'LL TAKE HIM TO WASHINGTON MYSELF, IN THE STARJET, TO MAKE SURE THE UNITED STATES, ALONE, GETS THAT PORTABLE ATOMIC MOTOR!



HI-POWER BINOCULARS

SEE UP TO 18 MILES

Powerful folding Opera Glasses fit into packet or purse. Center eye piece adjustment. Worth many times low introductory price. Comparable to models selling for \$4.95.

NOW ONLY

50¢

Peripoid.
Limit 2
to a customer.

BRUCE SALES CO., Dept. 1W-3
62 W. 47th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Room 206
Please send me Hi-Power Binoculars.

☐ 1 for 50¢ ☐ 2 for \$1.00.

Limit 2 to a customer.

Enclosure ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Sorry, No C.O.D.'s.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

TOY BONANZA

100 TOY SOLDIERS — \$1

100 piece fighter jet including: airplane, tanks, trucks, jeeps, battle ships, bombers, jet planes, etc. Designed to scale up to 4 1/2", in solid plastic. ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID.

100 TOY PIRATES — \$1

100 piece pirate set including: pirates, diggers, swimmers, pirate ships, cannon, etc. Each piece made to scale of solid plastic, individual bases. ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID.

100 COWBOYS AND INDIANS — \$1

A complete Rodeo of 100 plastic toys, each a full 2" high, in a colorful gift box that lasts into a year. Set includes 200 pieces. ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID.

SPACE GUN "TATER SHOOTER" — \$1

A completely harmless space gun that works by compressed air and shoots potato pellets as far as 50 feet — with more than 300 shots from a single potato. Set, Helium, Full ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID.

FASCINATING ANT FARM — \$2.98

Kids have your own Ant Farm with real LIVE ANTS. Made of unbreakable clear plastic that enables you to see away from the ants make. Large 6" x 9" ant, escape-proof, complete with sand and ants. ONLY \$2.98 POSTPAID.

SIC GAVE WILD ANIMAL TROPHIES

\$2.98
Choose an amazing, life-like Royal Bengal Tiger, Black Panther, or African Leopard! Expertly introduced in a 100% plastic plastic in full natural color, with mahogany shield. ONLY \$2.98 EACH POSTPAID.

MODERN TOY COMPANY — Dept. 1W-9

62 West 47th St., Rm. 206 New York 36, N. Y. NO C.O.D.'s

Please rush the following toys:

☐ 100 Toy Soldiers \$1 ☐ 100 Cowboys & Indians \$1 ☐ Ant Farm \$2.98

☐ 100 Toy Pirates \$1 ☐ Space Gun \$1 ☐ Trophies \$2.98

Enclosed is \$

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

(Please Print Clearly)

Outside U.S.A. Please add 25¢ to each item for postage and handling

100 Pirates \$1.00

SPACE GUN

TATER SHOOTER

100 Toy Soldiers \$1.00

100 Cowboys & Indians \$1

ANT FARM

THE AVENGER

TICK
TICK
TICK
CK
TICK
TICK

THE PEGASUS III
IS GOING TO EXPLODE
ANY SECOND NOW —
AND THERE'S NO
WAY OFF THIS LITTLE
ISLAND!

WHEN NAVY-GUIDED
MISSILE PEGASUS III
IS LOST IN MID-PACIFIC
THE AVENGER JETS
OFF ON A PATH OF DOOM!
DEATH IS WAITING FOR
HIM IN THE HEART OF
A FIERY VOLCANO, IN
THE TERRIFYING ROAR
OF AN ATOMIC EXPLO-
SION, AND IN THE DEPTHS
OF THE MIGHTY OCEAN!
CAN THE AVENGER
AVOID THESE DEADLY
TRAPS? CAN HE FIND
A WAY TO ESCAPE,
EVEN THOUGH —

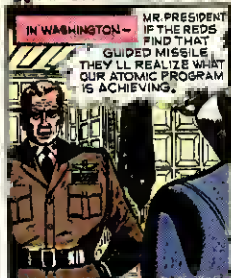
**DEATH
has
THREE
FACES!**

HIGH ABOVE THE SWELLS
OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN
HURTTLES A MIGHTY BULLET;
A GUIDED ATOMIC MISSILE
FROM SECRET NAVAL
MANOEUVERS....

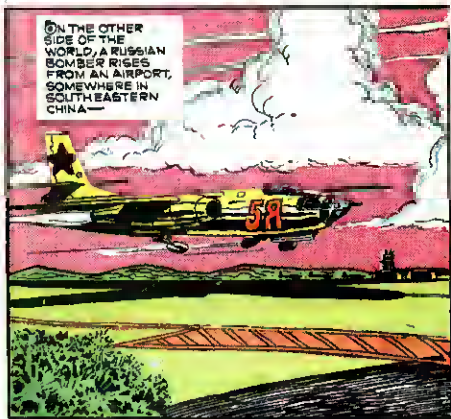
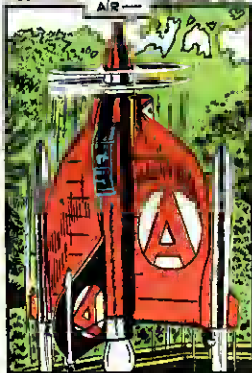
ON ISLAND 3-K-21552...

RADIO HEADQUARTERS CALLING HOME
BASE, CALLING HOME BASE, HAVE LOST
RADAR CONTROL OF PEGASUS THREE...

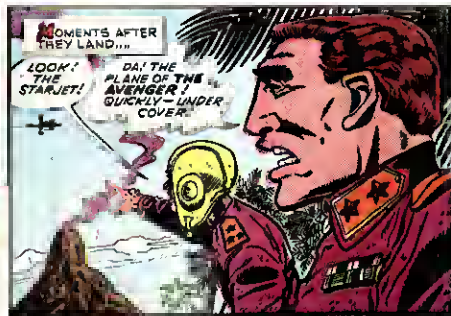
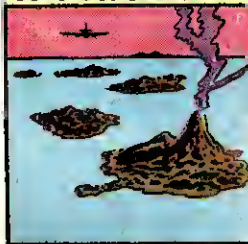




FROM A SECRET HANGAR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, THE STARJET RISES SWIFTLY, STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR—



THE RACE FOR SCIENTIFIC AND MILITARY SECRETS HAS BEGUN! WITH A LESSER DISTANCE TO TRAVEL, THE RUSSIAN TU-10 SIGHTS ITS GOAL FIRST...



THE STARJET SETTLES DOWN, CLOSE TO THE MAN OF THE MIGHTY VOLCANO...

THIS ISLAND'S SO COVERED WITH JUNGLE, THIS SPOT NEAR THE VOLCANO IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE TO LAND!

HUH! LOOKS AS IF IT ISN'T AS SAFE AS I THINK!

BLAM! PING!
BLAM!

RUSSIANS! THAT MEANS THEY'RE AFTER PEGASUS III. TO LEARN ITS SECRETS!

I'M OUTNUMBERED, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING HERE. THIS SMOKEY GROUND WILL HIDE ME WHILE I MOVE BACK AND AROUND TO OUTFLANK THEM. THEN—

ZEE
ZEE ZEE ZEE!

I MOVED BACK TOO FAR! I'M FALLING!

AS THE EARTH GIVES WAY UNDER HIM, THE AVENGER PLUMMETS INTO THE HEART OF THE VOLCANO!

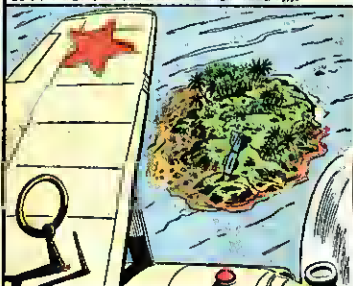
WITH THE AVENGER GONE TO HIS DOOM, THE RUSSIANS INVESTIGATE THE STARJET, ONLY TO DISCOVER IT LOCKED AGAINST ANY INVASION —

A MOST-CURIOUS SORT OF KEYHOLE. I WONDER WHAT KIND OF KEY UNLOCKS IT?

NEVER MIND THAT. FIRST WE MUST FIND THE GUIDED MISSILE. THEN WE CAN WORK ON THE STARJET!



AN AIR RECONNAISSANCE PLANE REVEALS THE LOST PEGASUS III ON A NEARBY ISLET.

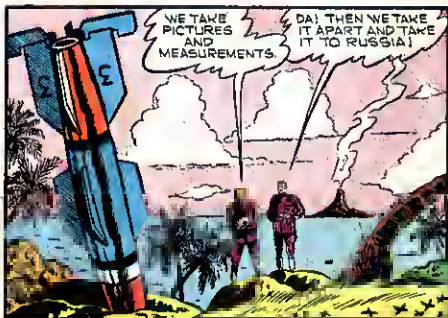


BY NATIVE BOAT, THE TEN-MILE TRIP IS MADE SUCCESSFULLY.



WE TAKE PICTURES AND MEASUREMENTS.

DA! THEN WE TAKE IT APART AND TAKE IT TO RUSSIA!



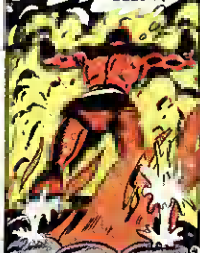
MEANWHILE, IN THE MAW OF THE FIERY VOLCANO, THE AVENGER DISCOVERS THE FIRST FACE OF DEATH: BY FIRE!

LUCKY FOR ME THIS STONE LEDGE WAS JUTTING OUT TO BREAK MY FALL! LUCKY? OR DID IT JUST DELAY THE INEVITABLE?

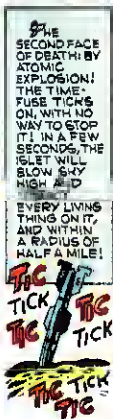
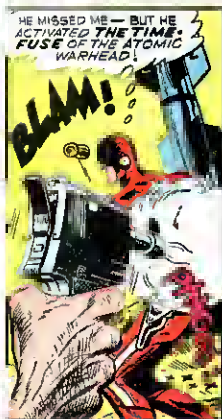
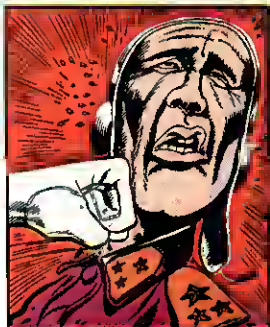


NOT FLAMES SEAR THE FLESH! THERE IS NO ESCAPE!

NO CHANCE AT ALL! IN A MINUTE I'M GOING TO BLACK OUT FROM THE HEAT! THEN I'LL TOPPLE OVER, INTO THAT BUBBLING LAVA BELOW!








IN A MOMENT, THE AVENGER IS RIDING HIS LIVING BOAT OUT ACROSS THE VAST PACIFIC! SOME TIME LATER, THE ISLET BEHIND HIM EXPLODES! AND NOW, AHEAD OF HIM IS THE THIRD FACE OF DEATH, BY DROWNING!



I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF I CAN KEEP HIS HEAD BACK, BUT — CAN I KEEP IT BACK LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO REACH THAT OTHER ISLAND?

AFTER WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY, HIS FEET TOUCH! AND AGAIN, LIKE THE AVENGING HURRICANE HE IS, THE AVENGER LEAPS TO GRIPS WITH THE REDS!

WHAT I DO, I DO TO AVENGE THE HELPLESS PEOPLE OF THE EARTH YOUR MIND OPPRESS!



SECONDS LATER, A FIRE GLOWS REDLY.

THE FIRE WILL CONSUME ALL YOUR DATA. THE SECRET OF THE GUIDED MISSILE IS SAFE! AFTER I'VE GONE IN THE STARJET, YOU CAN UNTIE YOURSELVES AND REMAIN MAROONED ON THIS ISLAND. PLEASANT DREAMS ABOUT THE KREMLIN, COMRATS!

THE AVENGER



TO AVENGE THE CRIMES OF MAN ON MAN, TO PREVENT THE COMMISSION OF MORE CRIMES! THESE ARE THE GOALS OF THE AVENGER! ONCE AGAIN HE FACES THE GRIM REALITY OF COMMUNIST OPPRESSION, OF RUTHLESS KILLERS WHO PREACH FREEDOM AND PRACTICE TYRANNY AND SLAVERY, AS HE RACES INTO RED-HELD VIENNA, HIS MISSION IS TO SAVE A MAN FROM THAT SAME TYRANNICAL GRIP, TO WRENCH HIM SAFELY AWAY FROM—

THE
**RED
HAND**
OF
TERROR
!

THOSE MVD MEN
ARE TAKING YOU TO
HEADQUARTERS!
IF YOU WANT
TO STAY ALIVE
RUN FOR IT!

* EDITOR'S NOTE: MVD, THE RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE, LIKE THE NAZI GESTAPO.

IT IS MIDNIGHT IN VIENNA. AN OLD MAN CRIES OUT HOARSELY IN FRIGHT AS ROUGH FINGERS GRIP HIM

YOU COME WITH US!



WITH SIREN SCREAMING, THE MVD CAR HURTTLES THROUGH THE NIGHT—

'PLEASE!' WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

QUIET!



ANOTHER OLD MAN DRAWS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS OF A DOORWAY, TERRIFIED.

THEY GOT ANOTHER ONE! THEY ARE EVERYWHERE! THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THEM!

SCREE!

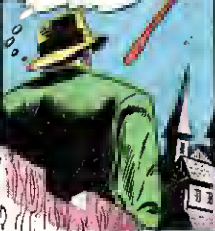


I MUST GET TO SHELTER BEFORE THEY COME FOR ME, TOO!



SUDDENLY THE OLD VIOLINIST PAUSES AND STARES SKYWARD—

A METEOR! A SIGN OF BAD LUCK!



THE FLARE OF RED ACROSS THE VIENNESE SKY IS NO METEOR BUT THE JET TAIL OF THE STARJET.

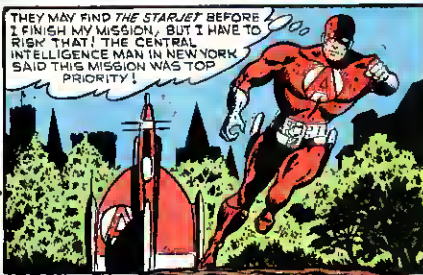


MOMENTS LATER, THE SLEEK JET SHIP SINKS TO THE GROUND. IN THE COCKPIT—

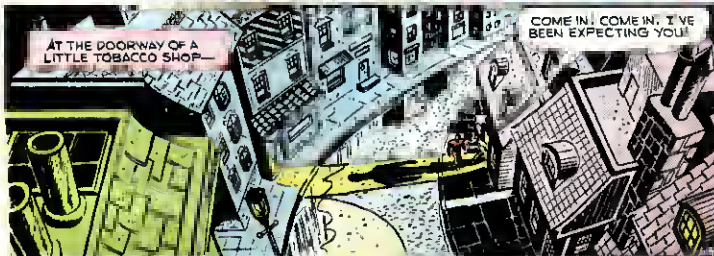
THE RADIO ACTIVE TIP OF THIS ROD-KEY WILL LOCK THE CONTROLS SO THAT NOTHING CAN MOVE THE STARJET.



THEY MAY FIND THE STARJET BEFORE I FINISH MY MISSION, BUT I HAVE TO RISK THAT! THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE MAN IN NEW YORK SAID THIS MISSION WAS TOP PRIORITY!



AT THE DOORWAY OF A LITTLE TOBACCO SHOP—



COME IN! COME IN, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

DR. KLAUS OBERSCHAFF IS IN VIENNA RIGHT NOW! YOU CAME IN TIME TO SAVE HIM... IF YOU CAN!

OBERSCHAFF? HE'S THE GERMAN INVENTOR AND NUCLEAR PHYSICIST, ISN'T HE?



RIGHT! WHEN THE REDS CAME INTO BERLIN WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN '45 THEY KIDNAPPED OBERSCHAFF AND TOOK HIM TO RUSSIA. THEY'VE BEEN USING HIS BRAIN TO HELP DEVELOP THEIR ATOMIC BOMBS, THREATENING TO KILL HIS WIFE IF HE REFUSED TO HELP!



HIS WIFE DIED RECENTLY, LEAVING THE REDS WITHOUT A CLUB TO HOLD OVER HIS HEAD. HE ESCAPED. HE IS IN VIENNA. HE WANTS TO GET TO THE UNITED STATES TO GIVE THEM VALUABLE RUSSIAN MILITARY SECRETS. BUT—WE CAN'T LOCATE HIM!



FORTUNATELY, NEITHER CAN THE MYD MEN! THEY'RE TURNING THE CITY UPSIDE DOWN IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO FIND HIM. EVERY OLD MAN IS BEING KIDNAPPED OFF THE STREETS. FIND OBERSCHAFF AND GET HIM AWAY SAFELY, THEY TELL ME. BUT—I DON'T KNOW NOW!

WELL, I DO!



THIS NOTEBOOK WILL TELL ME WHEN I'VE FOUND HIM! BUT BEFORE I CAN USE THIS, THERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE GADGET I'LL HAVE TO EMPLOY!



LATER, ON A NEARBY ROOF—

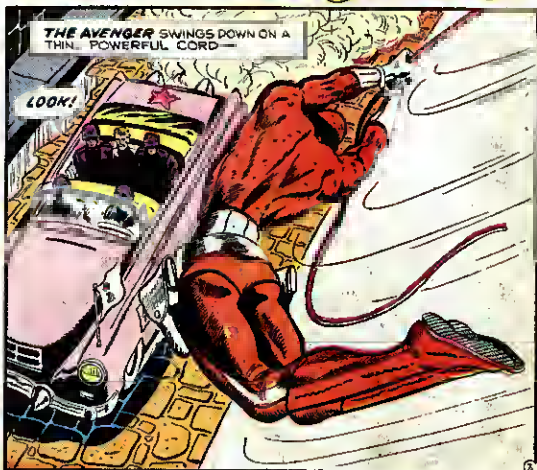
THIS SPECIAL RADAR DEVICE WILL PICK UP ANY MYD CAR AS IT COMES ALONG THE STREET. THOSE CARS HAVE TO PASS THIS SPOT TO REACH THEIR HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, AND—AH! HERE COMES A CAR NOW!

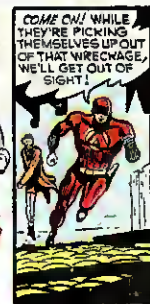
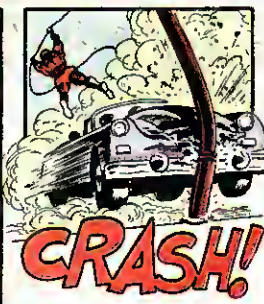
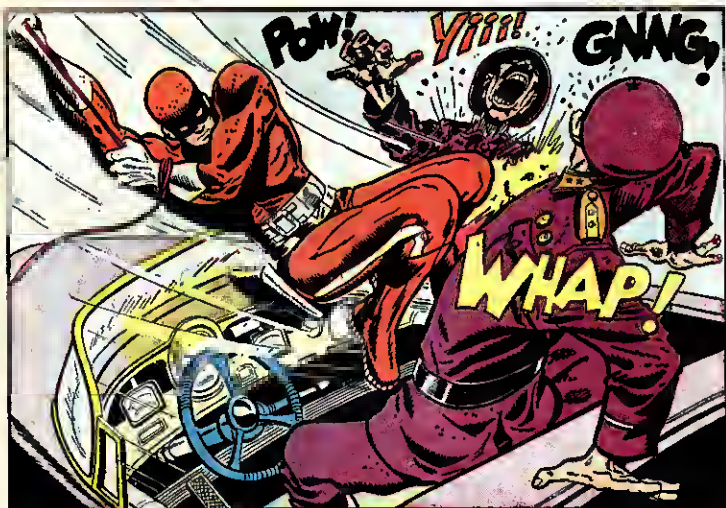


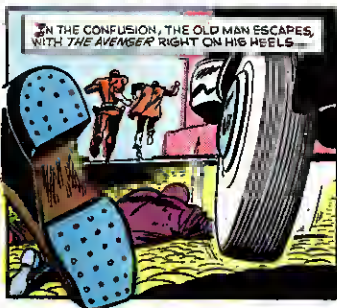
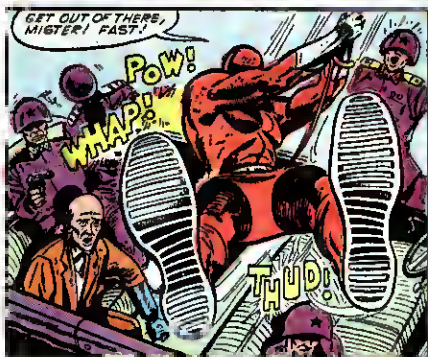
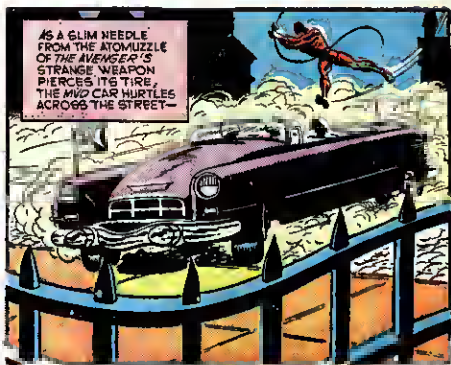
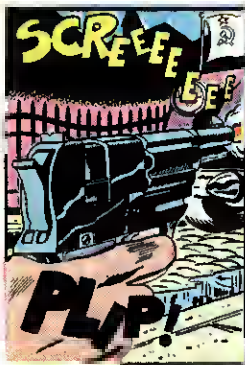
BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP

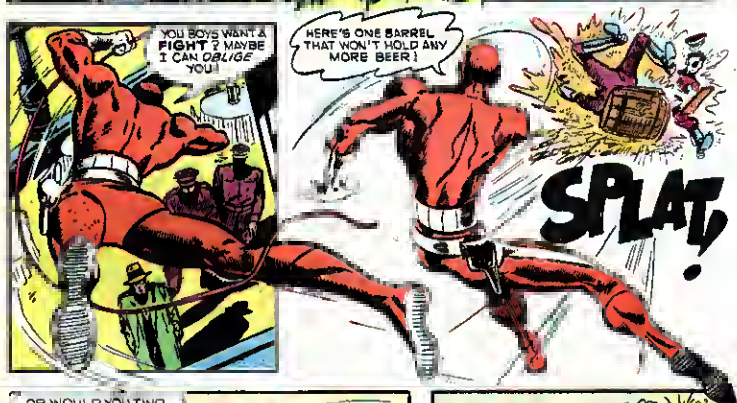
THE AVENGER SWINGS DOWN ON A THIN, POWERFUL CORD—

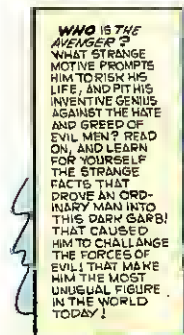
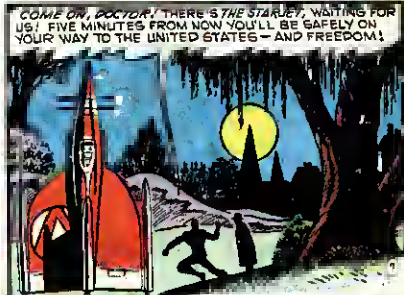
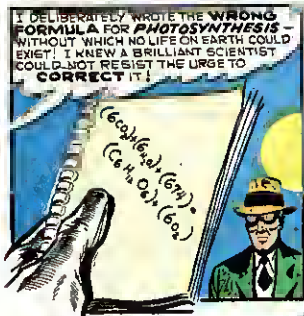
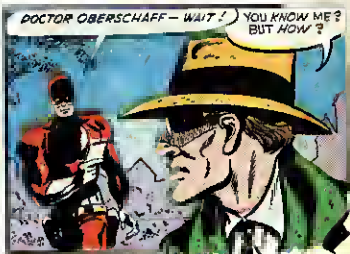
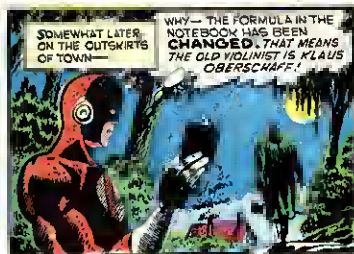
LOOK!



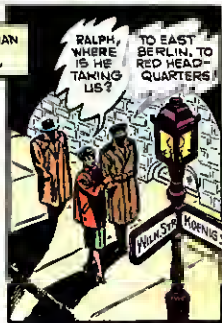
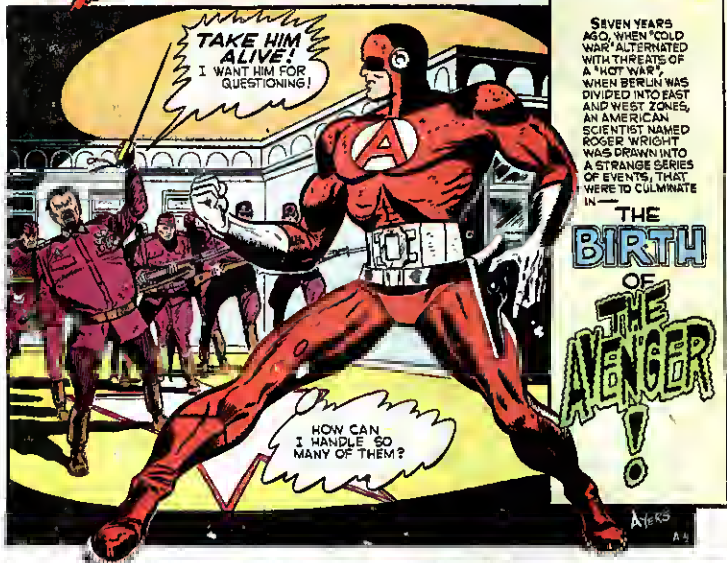








THE AVENGER



AT RED HEADQUARTERS,
SOME HOURS LATER...

NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR WIFE WILL BE HARMED, COLONEL WRIGHT, UNLESS
YOUR BROTHER ROGER IS A FOOL. I MERELY WANT YOU TO WRITE A
LETTER TO HIM.



YOU SEE, ROGER WRIGHT
HAS INVENTED A NEW
TYPE AIRPLANE.
NATURALLY, WE MUST
HAVE SUCH A PLANE
FOR THE SOVIET UNION.
I, SERGE VIROSHONSKY,
TELL YOU THIS! WRITE
THAT LETTER AND YOU
WILL GO FREE!

THE LETTER IS WRITTEN.
SOME WEEKS LATER, AT
THE WRIGHT MANSION
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF
EMPIRE CITY —

AN IVAN PAVELITCH TO SEE YOU, ROGER —
WITH A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER.



AN INSTANT LATER,
ROGER WRIGHT IS
STUDYING HIS
BROTHER'S
HANDWRITING —

I GATHER I'M TO TURN
OVER THE DIAGRAMS
AND BLUEPRINTS FOR
MY AIRPLANE TO YOU?

EXACTLY, THEN YOUR
BROTHER AND HIS
WIFE WILL BE
SET FREE!



MEETING THE HAND THAT DREW
THOSE BLUEPRINTS IS AS CLOSE
AS YOU'LL EVER COME TO THEM!

POW!



THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH, ROGER
WRIGHT. WHEN I REPORT BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS, YOUR BROTHER
AND HIS WIFE WILL — DIE!



NOW THAT I'VE MADE HIM A PRISONER, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH HIM? I CAN'T FREE HIM, FOR HE'D HAVE RALPH KILLED! I CAN'T KEEP HIM HERE, OR KILL HIM. I'M NEITHER A KIDNAPPER NOR A MURDERER...



WAIT! THAT GHOST RIDER MASK YOU BOUGHT FOR YOUR YOUNG NEPHEW! IT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WHY CAN'T I WEAR SOME SORT OF COSTUME, AND GO VISIT THOSE REDS? A COSTUME TO PROTECT MY OWN IDENTITY AND RALPH AT THE SAME TIME!



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, ROGER WRIGHT AND HIS SECRETARY, CLAIRE FARROW, ARE BUSY IN THE LABORATORY, BUT THIS TIME THEY WORK WITH CLOTH AND THREAD RATHER THAN CHEMICALS.

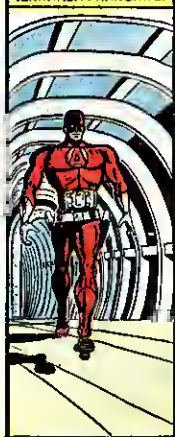
IT'S COMING! SO IS ALONG, ROGER! THIS SPECIAL BELT I'VE HAD MADE TO HOLD A NUMBER OF ODDS AND ENDS THAT MIGHT COME IN HANDY FOR ME SOMETIME!



THEN, ONE NIGHT, HIS EQUIPMENT IS COMPLETE, AND ROGER WRIGHT BECAME A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF THE NIGHT.

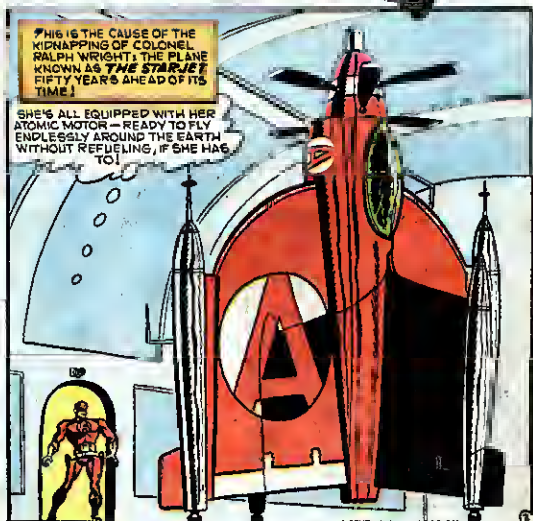


THEN ROGER WRIGHT MOVES THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL CONNECTING HIS HOUSE WITH A SPECIAL SUBTERRANEAN HANGAR...



THIS IS THE CAUSE OF THE KIDNAPPING OF COLONEL RALPH WRIGHT: THE PLANE KNOWN AS **THE STARJET** FIFTY YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME!

SHE'S ALL EQUIPPED WITH HER ATOMIC MOTOR — READY TO FLY ENDLESSLY AROUND THE EARTH WITHOUT REFUELING, IF SHE HAS TO!



MINUTES LATER, THE STARJET IS STREAKING THROUGH THE SKY, BOUND FOR EUROPE—



SOME TIME LATER, A DROWSY RUSSIAN SENTINEL SEES A BLACK SHADOW ON THE GROUND—



A GERMAN HOUSEWIFE SEES A DARK FIGURE ON A ROOFTOP—



A DOOR OPENS SLOWLY—



AND GENERAL SERGEI VIROSHONGSKY STARES IN AMAZEMENT—

WHO—WHO ARE YOU?
WH—WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

I HAVE NO
NAME. ALL I
SEE IS JUSTICE!
JUSTICE FOR A
MAN AND A
WOMAN!



AS HE SPEAKS,
THE TOE OF HIS
RUSSIAN BOOT
PASSES DOWN
HARD ON A
HIDDEN ALARM
BELL, AND
SERGEI
VIROSHONGSKY
SMILES—



TAKE HIM ALIVE!
DO NOT KILL HIM!
I WANT HIM
ALIVE!



LIKE A HUMAN BATTERING-RAM, THE DARK CLAD SCIENTIST LEAVES HIS FEET IN A BONE-WRENCHING BODY BLOCK!

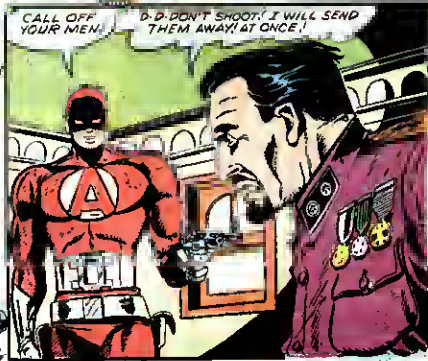


HIS FIST IS A SOLID ROCK, SLAMMING INTO JAWNS AND FACES—



CALL OFF YOUR MEN!

D-D-DON'T SHOOT! I WILL SEND THEM AWAY! AT ONCE!



WHEN THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS HAVE GONE, AND GENERAL SERGE! VIROSHONSKY IS ALONE WITH ROGER WRIGHT—

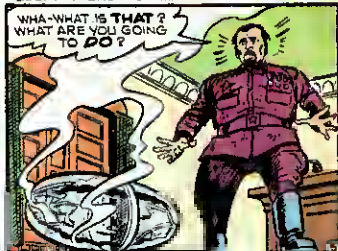
N-NOW WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME?

A SIMPLE THING, GENERAL. THE SIMPLE TRUTH!



AS THE RUSSIAN GENERAL STARES, ROGER WRIGHT LIFTS A GLASS PELLET FROM HIS BELT AND BREAKS IT!!!

WHA-WHAT IS THAT? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



THAT IS A GASEOUS FORM OF A TRUTH SERUM! NOW YOU WILL BE UNABLE TO LIE, GENERAL, AND SO I WILL BEGIN MY QUESTIONING! WHERE ARE COLONEL RALPH WRIGHT AND HIS WIFE?



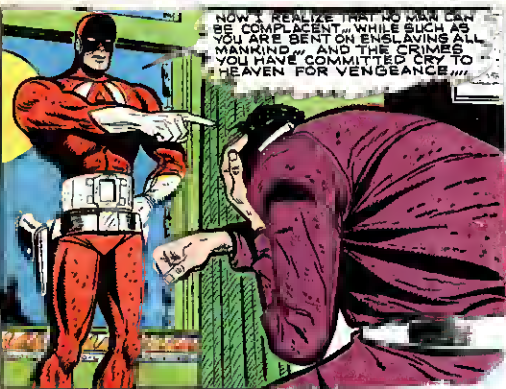
DEAD!
BOTH—
DEAD!

WE COULD NOT PERMIT THEM TO LIVE, TO TELL WHAT WE HAD DONE, WHEN WE GET THE PLANS FOR ROGER WRIGHT'S SECRET PLANE, HE WILL DIE, TOO! IT IS THE ONLY WAY WE OF THE SOVIET UNION CAN INSURE OUR SAFETY!



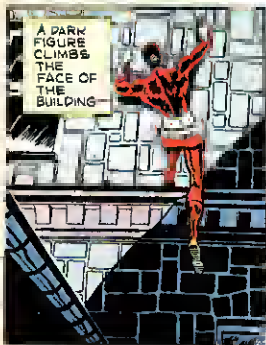
THE SWEAT BREAKS OUT IN BEADS ON THE GENERAL'S FACE. HE KNOWS THAT HE IS SENTENCING HIMSELF TO MOSCOW FIRING SQUAD, THE COMMUNISTS WILL NEVER LET HIM LIVE NOW!

YOU POOR DELUDED FOOL! WHEN WILL YOU PEOPLE LEARN THAT IT IS THE INDIVIDUAL MAN, AND NOT THE STATE, THAT IS MOST IMPORTANT? IF ONLY YOU USED YOUR ENERGY AND BRAINS IN A BETTER CAUSE, WHAT A FINE WORLD THIS WOULD BE!



NOW I REALIZE THAT NO MAN CAN BE COMPLACENT... WHILE SUCH AS YOU ARE SENT ON ENSLAVING ALL MANKIND... AND THE CRIMES YOU HAVE COMMITTED CRY TO HEAVEN FOR VENGEANCE...

... SO I WILL LEAGUE MYSELF WITH MEN OF GOOD WILL EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD TO EXACT SATISFACTION FOR THE HARM YOUR KING HAS DONE... AND TO PREVENT FUTURE CRIME AND OPPRESSION YOU PLAN TO BRING UPON THE INNOCENT PEOPLE OF THE EARTH! THAT IS MY MISSION!



A DARK FIGURE CLIMBS THE FACE OF THE BUILDING—

WHEN THE STARJET LIFTS INTO THE SKY, CARRYING THE AVENGER TOWARD HIS LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE AND LABOR, THAT THE WORLD MAY, INDEED, BE A BETTER PLACE FOR ALL OF US!

